

WEEKLY CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

R. W. THOMAS, Editor.

VIRTUE AND INTELLIGENCE THE MEANS—GOOD GOVERNMENT THE END.

J. A. GRANT, Publisher.

VOLUME 8.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1857.

NUMBER 45.

Real Estate Agency.

The Clarksville Chronicle.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Any person desiring to purchase real estate of any description, either town lots or farms, would do well to give us a call and examine our list of property before buying elsewhere, for we have on hand any quantity and number of acres you may want. We have not advertised half the lands we have for sale, and take this mode of informing you where you can find any sort of real estate you may desire.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

We have for sale, on easy terms, a Tract of Land on the Russellville Turnpike, 1 1/2 miles from Clarksville, containing 500 acres. It is one of the best tracts of land in Montgomery county, and is well improved.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

Aug 21, '57

FOR SALE.

336 acres of land, one mile from Clarksville, just above the lower Red river bridge—very desirable and very cheaply offered, and no money is required. Call to see and you shall have a bargain.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

Aug. 21

FRANKLIN STREET FOR SALE.

We will sell, privately, two of the cheapest business houses on Franklin street, located in the most public part of town. One of these houses is now occupied by J. N. Nohelt, the other by F. B. Everett. In this property we guarantee a bargain.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

Aug 21

HOUSE AND LOT

We have for sale, at a very low price, one house and lot on Franklin street, adjoining the Monroe Hall.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

Aug 21

ONE VALUABLE VACANT LOT.

We can sell a bargain, to any one wishing to buy, in that beautiful and desirable lot, situated opposite the shop of Thomas & Miller, at the junction of Franklin and 2nd Streets.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

Aug 21

ANOTHER HOUSE AND LOT.

As good a bargain as any to be found can be had in the purchase of one house and lot, situated on Wm. Broadway on the East, known as the "Thursdays place," which we have for sale at a low price.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

514 ACRES OF TOBACCO LAND.

Call on us soon, and we will sell this splendid farm, 18 miles from Clarksville and four miles from Lafayette, Ky., which we unhesitatingly pronounce to be one of the best farms in the west. All we ask is that you will examine it for yourselves.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

340 ACRES.

We have for sale, 10 miles from Clarksville, on the Dover road, a large number of acres of land, which can be bought on easy terms.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

TOWN LOTS.

We have four lots adjoining W. O. McReynolds' Carpenter Shop, on Franklin street, for sale.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

May 2, '57.

13 TOWN LOTS.

We will sell at public auction 13 town lots on Commerce and Danforth streets, on Tuesday, 2nd of June.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

May 29, '57.

I have for sale a number of Farms, all situated from 10 to 30 miles, well improved and desirably located; several within 3 or 4 miles of Clarksville. I can sell any one wishing to locate in this community. Also a lot of No. 1 Negroes, 20 lots in Clarksville, some well improved, others vacant. A block of buildings on Strawberry Alley. If you want bargains call soon.

J. M. DYE, Real Estate Agent.

Strawberry Alley.

March 20, 1857.

PHOENIX FURNACE.

This iron property, situated within 12 miles of Clarksville, is for sale. Terms easy. 5,000 acres of land. I will divide the property into lots, or sell the whole in a body.

J. M. DYE, Agent.

For Planters Bank.

March 20.

GREAT WESTERN FURNACE.

This property is situated in Stewart County—recently built—12,000 acres of land; and is the most desirable iron property in Tennessee. Possession given at once as the terms are complied with.

J. M. DYE, T. Usher.

March 20.

500 CHINAMEN.

I have an arrangement for the above number of Coolies, and can furnish iron works with any number, from 10 to 100.

J. M. DYE, Agent.

March 20.

A FARM FOR SALE!

A Farm containing about 300 Acres of Land, near the Port Royal Pike, 4 miles from Clarksville, well improved and in a high state of cultivation—in a good neighborhood. There is also a fine orchard of peach and apple trees. Now is the time to make investments in and near Clarksville. Property is rapidly advancing—every acre made recently has paid from 50 to 100 per cent, on purchases made from 12 to 18 months past. Come quickly if interested, delay is dangerous.

J. M. DYE, R. E. A.

April 17, '57

"STILL THEY COME!"

A No. 1 small Farm, containing 72 acres, situated on the Port Royal Pike, 3 miles from Clarksville, comfortable improvements, neighborhood first-rate and land very productive. About 40 acres cleared, balance heavily timbered. There is also a fine orchard of peach and apple trees. Possession given at any time, and the crop of Wheat, Oats &c., thrown in.

J. M. DYE, R. E. A.

April 17, '57

FOR SALE.

One house and lot adjoining the Mercantile Hall, on the East side. DYE & SMITH, R. E. A. May 15, 1857.

MINNESOTA LANDS.

To persons desiring to purchase lands in the North-west, we would say that we have for sale any quantity of the finest land to be found in Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin. We will exhibit plat maps of the same to any one wishing to buy.

DYE & SMITH, R. E. A.

Sept 11.

STOCKHOLDERS M. C. & L. R. R.

An additional call of 5 per cent, payable on the first of October and a call of same amount payable on the first of November, has been ordered by the Board.

W. E. MURFORD, Treas.

Sept 11, '57—14.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, at

\$2 Per annum, in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.

One insertion \$1.00 Two months \$4.50
Two insertions 1.50 Three months 6.00
Three insertions 2.00 Six months 9.00
One month 2.50 Twelve months 15.00

The Clarksville Publishing Company

Chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee.

MISCELLANY.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S CURSE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

He fled from the white man's face away.

To the hills of the forest, lofty and gray.

'Mid the river rocks, where the beast made his lair,

And the smoke of his wigwam rose slowly there,

For the blood of his race stained the vale below.

Where they swept—unknown his weight of woe.

BLANCHARD.

Upon the extreme Southern boundary

Of the lofty range of hills in New Hamp-

shire, known as the White Mountains,

there rises up to the height of six hun-

dred feet, a singularly shaped mountain

which, for many years, has borne the name

of Chocoma. Its top is like a vast tower,

and massive turrets of granite crown its

angles. The Southern ascent is perpen-

dicular, rising up the naked rock several

hundred feet.

There is an old legend of this mountain,

and with the kind permission of our read-

ers, we will briefly relate it.

Many, many years ago, when first the

white man came to destroy the happiness

of the simple-minded Indian, who, until

then, had dwelt among the rock-garlanded

hills, free as the wild eagle, in a bark

roofed wigwam, on the banks of the beau-

tiful stream, now known as Swift river,

there resided a young brave, and the aged

chief, his father.

Chocoma, the young warrior, was as

brave as the kingly lion, and dreadful

when outraged, as the Bengal tigress; but

in his breast there slept a nobility, an in-

imate hatred of that which was low and

base; and a deep, strong reverence for the

Great Spirit, who had placed him in so

sublime a hunting-ground.

He looked forth at sunrise upon the

stern mountains, bathed in the gold of the

skies, rising up in giant pillars to the

radiant dome above; and there crept over

him a great and mighty awe—and his soul

rejoiced in it. He felt that there was a

noble, more perfect pleasure than sitting

idly by the camp-fire, or dancing the war

dance around the blazing faggot stack—the

pleasure of doing good unto all men.

And with the instinctive penetration pecu-

liar to the North American savage, his red

brethren perceived this strata of greatness

underlying his whole character, and when

his father, the chief Arragoche, died, they

made Chocoma their leader.

Shortly after this event, there came to

the valley, inhabited by the then powerful

Chocoma, a party of whites, some twenty

in number, with their families; and as

they appeared peaceable, Chocoma gave

orders to his tribe not to molest them.

"The Great Spirit," he said, "has sent

them to our hunting grounds, and his an-

ger will send us a famine, and many

tempests, if we kill his white deer!"

So the adventurous whites were allowed

to remain unmolested, and in the course of

a few years they grew to a strong and in-

fluential colony. A sort of friendly inter-

course subsisted between them and the

Indians, and Chocoma often visited at the

huts of the settlers, where he was received

kindly—for well it was known that to his

unselfish generosity they were alone in-

debted for life and prosperity.

In the rough log house of Marcus Smith,

the leader in the settlement, Chocoma dis-

covered an object of more interest to them

than many bands of *Wampum*. She threw

around his heart a more potent charm than

the Golden Carabane, or the White Foot-

ed Fawn, which tradition said were hidden

among the mountains, guarded by an evil

spirit, and to him who succeeded in beating

away the one, and rescuing the other, should

be given immortal youth, and the power

to heal all sickness, and assuage all pain.

Lucy Smith was the only child of her

father, but not as a parent should, did

Marcus Smith love his beautiful Lucy.

The wife who had given her to his arms,

had proved inconstant to her bridal vows,

and for seventeen dreary years Smith had

been worse than widowed—and for this he

blamed the daughter of the false woman, and

remembered not the sacred tie which binds

a father to his child! And, unloved, and

unloving, Lucy grew in the years of wo-

manhood with a void in her gentle heart,

and a vague sense of dissatisfaction in her

soul.

Chocoma saw the neglected Lily of the

white man, and loved her with all the

mighty strength of his affection; and in

the simple language of his race he told her

so. And Lucy, lone, and with all a wo-

man's thirst for appreciation, looked upon

the stalwart form and frank handsome face

of the young brave, and forgetting the fear

of her father's anger, she reciprocated his

passion.

A giant oak, far down in the valley, was

their trysting-place, and every day when

the red light of sunset baptized the dark

mountain summits in its flood of glory,

the timid white maiden went forth to the

valley shadows to meet her lover. Choc-

oma brought her the richest trophies of the

chase, the gorgeous plumage of rare

birds, and the silken skin of the jet black

otter, he loved to bind the many-hued

wampum, woven by the skillful fingers of

the maidens of his tribe.

It was far in the soft, dreamy summer,

and one night the young chief said that

when three silver moons had waxed and

waned, he would ask the white bird of

her father. Lucy paled and trembled—

for she well knew the secret enmity her

morose parent felt toward the savages—

but her strong, true love conquered fears,

and she assented to the words of her lov-

er.

Three moons had been born and died,

and Chocoma, in all his native dignity,

came to the hut of the settler to ask his

daughter in marriage.

Smith received him gruffly, but the

chieftain, with a majesty worthy of a king,

laid before him the story of his love for

Lucy, and his wish to make her mistress

of his wigwam, and queen of his people.

Like the bursting of a thunder cloud,

Smith's anger belched forth a burning tor-

rent of invectives upon the head of Choc-

oma. Language, the most insulting, ming-

led with personal abuse, was borne with

lofty equanimity by the lofty chief—his

reply to it all being uttered in a low, firm

tone—

"I forget not that you are the White

Bird's father!"

Then turning slowly away, he was soon

lost to sight in the winding of the forest.

In vain Lucy besought her infuriated sire

to soften his harsh decision; in vain she

went down upon her knees to him in prayer

for her youthful love—he struck her to

the ground, and fled from the house!

A week passed, and the whole valley

was in an uproar. The fierce cry of war

echoed terribly amid the mountain fast-

ness, and the red hand of murder wrote

in lines of blood upon the green, sleeping

hills! Smith and his followers, with all the

force they could muster from the neigh-

boring colonies, had sworn the extermina-

tion of the tribe of Chocoma! Sworn it

by their homes, their honor, and their God!

And armed with this dreadful oath, they

went down upon the Indians like the hail

storm upon the young grass of the mead-

ow.

Chocoma called up his braves, and bade

them fight for their squaws, their helpless

children—and their own true hearts. And

well they answered to the call.

Horrible were the scenes enacted. Fire,

rapine and devastation—the wigwams of

the savages were reduced to ashes, and the

long black locks of the tribe's bravest

warriors fluttered from the belts of their

pale face murderers. At length the dead

was done—the oath fulfilled. The Choc-